

CHICAGO
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

DWIGHT'S

Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

NO. 11.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

21 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

For Rates of Advertising, see last page.

POSTAGE, in advance, for any distance not exceeding fifty miles, five cents per quarter; for any distance not exceeding three hundred miles, ten cents per quarter.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St.

By REDDING & CO., 8 State St.

" GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.

" DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.

" SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 483 Broadway, N. Y.

" MASON & LAW, 23 Park Row, New York.

" E. L. WALKER, Philadelphia.

" F. D. BENTEN, Baltimore.

" JOSEPH SHILLINGTON, Washington, D. C.

" COLBURN & FIELD, Cincinnati, O.

" HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O.

Persons willing to become Agents for procuring subscribers, especially Music-Dealers and Teachers, are invited to correspond with the Editor, as above. Satisfactory references required, and liberal commissions allowed.

[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

(Concluded.)

IX.

During this sickness (in 1847) his recovery was for several days despaired of. Herr GUTMANN, his most important pupil and the friend whom he most loved to see about him in his latter years, gave him the greatest proofs of attachment by his self-sacrificing attentions. Chopin had become so used to him, that he often anxiously inquired of the princess Czartoryska, who visited him daily and who more than once scarce hoped to find him living: "whether Gutmann was not to be had? whether he could not perhaps take care of him still longer? for his presence was the most dear to him."

Nevertheless he was once more saved, but in this point of his life occurred the blow, which fell destroyingly upon his inmost being, and which he on the instant recognized as fatal for his heart. It was the formal rupture with the Sand; and in fact he did not long survive it. For the present he was convalescent indeed, but slowly and painfully, and he had become so changed, that one scarcely knew him.

The following summer brought him that transitory improvement, which persons, whose life is gradually passing away, are wont to derive from the beautiful season of the year. He was not willing to leave Paris and so robbed himself of

the beneficial influence of the pure country air upon his health.

The winter of 1847-8 was only a painful alternation of reliefs and relapses. In spite of that, he resolved in the spring to execute his old purpose of going to London. When the February revolution broke out, he was still confined to his bed; it seemed as if a dark destiny drove him to a livelier sympathy in the events of the day, and he spoke more about them than was otherwise his habit.

In April he felt himself better and now seriously thought of visiting that island, to which he had set out to go when youth and life still offered him the brightest prospects. He travelled to England, where his works had already found an intelligent public, that knew them and admired them.* He left France in that state of mind, which the English call *low spirits*. The momentary sympathy which he had bestowed with a certain degree of exertion upon political events, had quickly passed away. He had become more silent than ever. His affection towards the few persons whom he continued to see, took the color of that soul-pervading excitement, which precedes the last farewell greeting. His indifference for all outward things still grew upon him; Art alone retained its unlimited power over him. In the shorter and shorter moments in which he was permitted to occupy himself with it, Music claimed his whole being as earnestly as in the time when he was full of life and hope. Before he left Paris, he gave yet one concert in the hall of M. Pleyel, a friend to whom he always stood in the most intimate relation, and who now too pays a worthy tribute to his mem-

* Chopin's compositions had been for several years much circulated and made known in England. The best virtuosos played them. In a little writing called: *An Essay on the Works of Chopin*, published in London by Wessel and Stapleton, much is said that truly characterizes him, and the two lines of Shelley chosen for a motto:

"He was a mighty Poet—and
A subtle-souled Psychologist,"

apply most admirably to Chopin. Among other things the author says: "One thing is certain, viz: to play with proper feeling and correct execution the *Preludes* and *Studies* of Chopin, is to be neither more nor less than a finished pianist; and moreover, to comprehend them thoroughly, to give a life and a tongue to their infinite and most eloquent subtleties of expression, involves the necessity of being in no less a degree a poet than a pianist, a thinker than a musician. . . . In taking up one of the works of Chopin, you are entering, as it were, a fairy land, untrodden by human footsteps, a path, hitherto unfrequented, but by the great composer himself; and a faith, and a devotion, a *desire to appreciate*, and a *determination to understand*, are absolutely necessary, to do it anything like adequate justice. . . etc.

ory and his friendship by the erection of a monument over his grave. In this concert his select and long tried public in Paris heard him for the last time.

In London he was received with extraordinary cordiality, and this reception drove away his melancholy and scattered his gloomy and desponding humor. He fancied himself entirely master of it, when he flung all, even his former habits of life, into the stream of oblivion. He neglected the prescriptions of his physician and the carefulness which his sickly condition required. He played twice in public and innumerable times in private circles. He went much into company, stayed longer than usual, defied all exhaustion and let no consideration bind him to a regard for his health.

At the Duchess of Sutherland's he was presented to the Queen, and the selectest circles of society were emulous of his possession. He made a journey too to Edinburg, but the air there was particularly injurious to him. After his return from Scotland he felt very feeble; the physicians urged him to leave England as soon as possible—but he delayed his departure a long time. Who can define the feeling, which suffered him to linger?—He played once more in a concert for the Poles; it was the last love-token that he sent to his fatherland, the last look, the last longing sigh! All his friends crowded round him and he received the most enthusiastic applause. He bade them all farewell, without their dreaming that it would be the last. What may the thought have been that moved his heart, when he crossed the channel to return to Paris? to that Paris, now so different to him from that which he had found, without seeking it, in the year 1831!

This time a bitter and unexpected blow awaited him on his arrival. Doctor MOLIN, whose advice and skilful attendance had saved his life, to whom alone, as he was convinced, he owed the prolongation of his days, lay on his death-bed. He felt this loss severely; it had a dispiriting influence on him, which in moments when the state of the soul has so much dominion over the sick body, must have been very injurious. He cherished the firm belief, that no one could supply that man's place to him and had confidence in no physician more. He kept continually changing his physicians, none would suit him, and he placed no further hope in their art. A sort of superstitious despondency got possession of him; no tie

that was stronger than life, no love that was as strong as death, came to his aid in the conflict with this apathy.

After the winter of 1848 he had ceased to be in a condition to work continuously. Here and there he took in hand some leaves containing hastily sketched thoughts, but the strength failed him to arrange them into an orderly whole. Regard for his name gave him the wish to see all such sketches burned; he was not willing to have them, maimed and distorted, transformed into posthumous works not worthy of him.

Of finished manuscripts he has left behind him nothing but a last Notturmo and a very short Waltz.* In his latter days he designed to write a Piano Forte School, in which he wished to embody his thoughts about the theory and practice of his art, the fruit of his long labor, of his happy innovations and his artistic experience. The purpose was a serious one and demanded a double exertion even from so assiduous a worker as Chopin was. Perhaps he wished, in seeking refuge upon this dry field, to escape the excitement of Art, which, according as the heart is bright or lonely, shows such different sides. In it he sought only a monotonous occupation that would claim his whole attention; in this regular daily labor, which "conjuges down the spirit's storm," he hoped to forget what would not keep out of his mind.

But Chopin's powers sufficed no longer for such purposes. He traced in thought, to be sure, the outline of his plan, and spoke of it repeatedly; but the execution was to him impossible. He only wrote out a few pages of it; the fire has consumed them with the other papers.

At length his illness increased so visibly, that further hope was out of the question. Soon he could no more leave his bed and he could hardly speak. His sister at this sad news hastened from Warsaw and never left his sick bed. He saw the anxiety, the forebodings, the mourning around him, without betraying any signs of the impression it all made upon him. He spoke of his end with entire Christian peace and composure, and yet he hoped for a coming morrow. The singular passion which he always had for changing his habitation, came once more to light; he had hired other quarters, ordered them to be fitted up and busied himself with arrangements, often relating to the smallest particulars. As these directions were not taken back, they were all strictly executed, and some articles of furniture were carried to the new dwelling on the very day of his death.

Was he afraid perhaps that Death would not keep his word with him? Was he sensible of that double influence, which some higher natures have felt on the eve of events decisive of their fate, that conflict between the heart, which has a presentiment of the future, and the understanding, which shrinks from foreseeing it?

From week to week, soon day by day the shadow of death stepped closer and closer to him. The sickness reached its goal, the suffering became more and more painful, the decisive moment drew near. In the intermissions of the more and more frequent crises Chopin preserved to the last his presence of mind and force of will. The wishes he expressed in these painless moments, showed with what solemn tranquility he

* The *Posthumous Sonata* announced in Paris is probably one written in Vienna in his early years.

looked death in the face. He wished to be buried next to BELLINI, with whom he had lived in very friendly relations during his abode in Paris. Bellini's grave is in the church-yard of the *Père la Chaise*, next to that of CHERUBINI; the desire to become acquainted with this great master, in the admiration of whom he had been educated, was one of the motives which induced him to touch at Paris on his route from Vienna to London in 1831. His earthly resting-place is now between Bellini and Cherubini, those two so different spirits, whom Chopin however approached in equal degrees, since he had as high an esteem for the science of the one, as he had attraction toward the other. He shared the melodic feeling with the composer of *Norma*, and at the same time aspired after the inward substance and the harmonic depth of the old master.

To his very end he maintained the reserve that was peculiar to him in his relations with his friends; he desired to see no one for the last time; but his thanks to the friends, who visited him, he embroidered round with the pure gold of a touching acknowledgment. The first days of October left no further room for doubt or hope. The fatal moment was to be feared each day, each hour; his sister and Gutmann never left him for a minute. The countess Delphine Potocka hastened back to Paris, when she heard of his dangerous condition. All who came to the dying man, found it impossible to tear themselves away from the sight of this beautiful, great soul in its departure from this life.

On Sunday the 15th of October a crisis, still more painful than any that had preceded, lasted several hours. He bore it with patience and strength of spirit. The countess Delphine was there, her soul was penetrated, her tears flowed. He opened his eyes and saw her standing at the foot of his bed, the tall, slender figure, clad in white, the image of an angel beautiful as ever painter's fancy had created. Surely she seemed to him a heavenly apparition; he revived an instant and breathed out a prayer to her to sing. All believed that he was talking wild; but he repeated his request with a tone of earnestness, which no one could resist. They pushed the piano in the hall close to the door of his chamber, and the countess sang with sobbing voice; tears ran down her cheeks and never had her fine talent and her wonderful singing a more touching expression. Chopin listened and seemed to forget his sufferings; she sang the hymn to the Holy Virgin, which, it is said, saved Stradella his life. "How beautiful! O my God, how beautiful!" said he — "once more, once more!" — The countess pressed down the overflowing fountain of her feeling, seated herself again at the piano and sang a psalm of Marcello. But within the chamber a piercing pain suddenly seized the sick man; all the bystanders were terrified and involuntarily sank in silence on their knees; only the voice of the countess floated like a heavenly melody above the sighs of the others. The night came on, a twilight spread its shadow over the mournful scene, Chopin's sister knelt against his bed and wept and prayed.

In the night he grew worse; yet on Monday morning he became somewhat better and asked for the holy sacrament. In the absence of the Reverend —, with whom he had been on very friendly terms in their common exile, he sent for the Reverend Alexander Jelowicki, one of the

most distinguished men of the Polish emigration. He saw him twice and received from him the Holy Supper with devotion in the presence of his friends. Thereupon he let these approach singly to his bed-side, gave them a last farewell and invoked God's blessing on them and on what they loved and hoped. The remainder of the day passed off amid increasing pains — he spoke no word more. Only toward eleven o'clock in the evening did he feel himself slightly relieved. The clergyman had not left him and Chopin expressed a desire, so soon as he found his speech again, to pray with him. He pronounced the prayer of the dying in Latin with a clear, intelligible voice, leaning his head steadily on Gutmann's shoulder.

A cataleptic sleep lasted till the 17th of October, 1849. About two o'clock began the death-struggle; a cold sweat ran from his brow. After a brief slumber he asked with scarcely audible sound: "Who is with me?" He inclined his head to press his lips once more gratefully upon the hand of Gutmann, who held him in his arm, and in this moment he breathed forth his soul. He died as he had lived, in love.

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

[TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTORY NOTE. — ROBERT SCHUMANN, since the death of MENDELSSOHN, takes rank in the estimation of many as the greatest living German Composer. The following maxims, or aphorisms, (which we translated from the German a year or two since, and now design to scatter along through our pages, a few at a time,) embody the whole creed and practical philosophy of the great artist, and should engrave themselves upon the mind of every one who means to make himself an artist in the sphere of sound. The composer designed them as an appendix to the first edition of his piano forte instruction book, called the *Jugendalbum*, or "Album for Youth." The maxims were to have been introduced alternately with musical pieces illustrating them. But there were too many difficulties in the way of the execution of this design. The German publisher, however, proposed to insert them in the second edition of the "Album," and in the meantime furnished a copy of them to the *Zeitschrift für Musik*, a musical journal published in Leipsic, from which we translate.—J. S. D.]

I. The cultivation of Hearing is the most important matter. Take pains early to distinguish Tones and Keys by the ear. The bell, the window-pane, the cuckoo — ask yourself what tones they each give out.

II. You should sedulously practice Scales and other finger exercises. But there are many persons who imagine they have accomplished everything, when they have spent many hours each day for years in mere mechanical exercise. It is about as if one should busy himself daily with repeating the A-B-C as fast as possible and always faster and faster. Use your time better.

III. "Dumb piano fortes," so called, or keyboards without sound, have been invented. Try them long enough to see that they are good for nothing. You cannot learn to speak from the dumb.

IV. Play in time! The playing of many virtuosos is like the gait of a drunkard. Make not such your models.

V. Learn betimes the fundamental laws of Harmony.

VI. Be not frightened by the words, *Theory*, *Thorough-Bass*, *Counterpoint*, &c.; they will meet you friendly if you meet them so.

VII. Never dilly-dally about a piece of music, but attack it briskly; and never play it only half through!

VIII. Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults.

IX. When you are playing, never trouble yourself about who is listening.

X. Always play as if a master heard you.
 XI. Strive to play easy pieces well and beautifully; it is better than to render harder pieces only indifferently well.

XII. Always insist on having your instrument purely tuned.

XIII. You must not only be able to play your little pieces with the fingers; you must be able to hum them over without a piano. Sharpen your imagination so that you may fix in your mind not only the Melody of a composition, but also the Harmony belonging to it.

XIV. Accustom yourself, even though you have but little voice, to sing at sight without the aid of an instrument. The sharpness of your hearing will continually improve by that means. But if you are the possessor of a rich voice, lose not a moment's time, but cultivate it, and consider it the fairest gift which heaven has lent you.

XV. You must carry it so far that you can understand a piece of music upon paper.

XVI. If any one lays a composition before you for the first time, for you to play, first read it over.

XVII. Have you done your musical day's work, and do you feel exhausted? Then do not constrain yourself to further labor. Better rest than work without spirit and freshness.

XVIII. Play nothing, as you grow older, which is merely *fashionable*. Time is precious. One must have a hundred human lives, if he would acquaint himself with all that is good.

XIX. In every period there have been bad compositions, and fools who have praised them.

XX. A player may cram his memory with finger-passages; they all in time grow commonplace and must be changed. Only where such facility serves higher ends, is it of any worth.

XXI. You must not circulate poor compositions; nor even listen to them, if you are not obliged to.

XXII. Try not to acquire facility in the so-called Bravura. Try in a composition to bring out the impression which the composer had in his mind; more than this attempt not; more than this is caricature.

Music in the past Half Century.

An Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, at Cushman Hall, Boston, Dec. 22, 1851.

BY SAMUEL JENNISON, JR.

[Continued from page 76.]

Instrumentation, or the method of employing the instruments of the orchestra, had already at the close of the last century become so fully developed, as in the opinion of M. Fétis, scarcely or not at all to admit of improvement. The place of the wind instruments was once supplied by the organ. The flageolet and flute which first made their appearance were followed by horn and trumpet, oboe and clarinet, whose province it will be remembered was to accompany, with meagre effect, the simple note of the singer. MAIO and JOMELLI, LEO and DURANTE began improvements which were carried still further by PICCINI and GLUCK. They met the usual fortune of innovators, finding their endeavors to improve their art considered obtrusive and annoying, rather than agreeable. The uncultivated ears of a century ago could not comprehend the heightened gratification of accompaniments which seemed to distract their attention from the songs. It is stated to have been GALUPPI, who first ventured to throw the principal air into the instrumental parts, while the singers became, as it were, secondary, carrying on, on their part, a kind of conversational accompaniment to the instruments: a custom now so agreeable, and of which instances will readily occur to all familiar with the concerted pieces

of the Operas of ROSSINI, BELLINI and DONIZETTI. We can all bear witness to the truth of the observations of that author, that in almost the whole of "Don Giovanni," MOZART has carried the richness of his instrumentation so far as to have apparently attained the highest point of perfection. It is clear that the orchestral accompaniments of the latest composers have not surpassed in beauty those of their wonderful predecessor.

The same author suggests, as the only remaining means of imparting the requisite variety and novelty in this branch of the art, a return to the earlier custom, of accompanying different portions of the opera with different combinations of instruments, instead of giving to all alike, as is now generally done, the full force of the orchestra.

HAYDN, near the close of the last century, first in his Symphonies produced great dramatic effects from instruments alone, unaided by scenic representations; after him MOZART, and in our day BEETHOVEN, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, SCHUMANN and others have given, in their great compositions of this class, such evidence of the "Might of Sound" that it is a question that may well divide the musical world, whether the sentiments of the heart do not now find in pure harmony alone an expression to which human language can add nothing.

It has been a frequent complaint of late years, that too much of a merely noisy character has been added to the orchestra; that in the endeavor to produce powerful effects good taste has been sacrificed, and the ear been sought to be taken by force rather than by sweetness: and the suspicion cannot at times be well avoided that the design of the prolonged *fortissimos*, the unanticipated *sforzandos*, the so frequently unintermitted use of the whole might of the orchestra, is to conceal the poverty of the subject.

Not only have drum, cymbal, bells, triangle and gong at times added their various clangor, but one instance is related in which fourteen, in another twenty-five trumpeters have been brought upon the stage at once; and in a certain opera of one ROSER, at Vienna, the crashes were heightened by the report of pistols and carbines, not to mention that another well-known composer is said to have introduced on one occasion the roar of a piece of artillery.

We may imagine a tasteful *impresario* or critic of the Old School expostulating with and answered by the modern composer, after the manner of La Mancha's knight and the "certain bard" alluded to in Pope's Essay on Criticism, and in nearly those words, saying:

"'So vast a sound the stage will ne'er contain'—
 'Then build a new or act it on the plain.'"

The stunning effect of modern Opera has not escaped the attentive ears of Punch, who, among other imaginary curiosities professed to have been created by him, makes mention of an ear-protector, designed to enable a young lady to sit through an Opera of VERDI without becoming deaf.

[To be continued.]

PAGANINI'S HEIR. We translate the following from a German paper:

PAGANINI has left to his only son, Achilles, a fortune of two millions of francs and the title of nobility. An anecdote of Monsieur Achilles shows that the proverb: "What the fathers add, the sons subtract," will not be likely to apply to him. While yet a boy, Achilles was one evening present with a couple of gentlemen at the house

of the famous singer Lablache. Four candles were burning on the table. This luxury of lights troubled the boy's feeling; after a little while he silently got up, crept on tip-toe to the first light and, while the gentlemen were eagerly engaged in conversation, blew it out. Lablache winked at it and let him go on. Thinking himself unobserved, he presently blew out the second, and then the third light. But as he was about to pursue the same process with the fourth, Lablache said to him in a friendly way: "Child, if you blow out that light, we shall be unable to see."—"We don't need light to talk by!" was the answer of the boy, now the possessor of two millions.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

BY C. F. CRANCH.

Well—I have seen this musical Fire,
 This famous Leopold de Meyer;
 I have heard this German wonder,
 With his grand melodious thunder—
 His sparkling rills of rippling trills,
 His delicate runs, loud booming guns,
 Sword-clashings and lunges,
 Cataract plunges,
 Fierce flashing of lances,
 Intricate fancies,
 Large leaps gigantic,
 Like lightning grown frantic.
 'Twas the very madness
 Of vinous gladness.
 The sense of senses
 Danced into frenzies,
 Loud-voiced, plebeian,
 Shouts Io Pean!
 Huzza for De Meyer!
 Finer than fire
 Leaps up the flaming
 Of his bold aiming.
 Over the soul
 His mysteries roll
 Heaving in surges,
 Great Boanerges,
 Portly Briareus,
 Frowning so serious,
 Grappling and struggling
 As if thou wert spungling
 Strange fire Promethean,
 Or dark water Lethæan,
 Crowding thy piano
 With Jove's thunder—ah no!
 Thou'rt but a mortal
 Still at the portal:
 For while thou seem'st divinely toiling,
 I can see thee vainly smiling,
 Living in the crowd's applause,
 Catching eyes that watch thy paws
 Chasing one another up
 To the finger-board's tip-top.
 In thy beaded champagne draught
 Froth and wine alike are quaffed,
 Till the stream of music flows
 Like Ariel's voice with Trinculo's;
 Pindar's silver lyric mingling
 With the Broadway sleigh-bells' jingling.
 O! purge the dim the people's breath
 Has breathed against thy mirror fire;
 Lose not the ancient heavenly faith
 That music is a muse divine.
 Let not thy fingers steal the wreath
 Of fame that should be only thine.
 Give us the dear, the noble strains
 The great tone-masters left on earth,
 Whose morning radiance still remains
 O'er meteors of ephemeral birth:
 The music true of heart and soul,
 The language of the Seraphim—
 Of the unmeasurable whole—
 Creation's inmost prayer and hymn.

1846.

Only when the form is entirely clear to you, will the spirit become clear.—Schumann.

FAIRYLAND.

When violet odors fill the air,
When May is pink in hedge and lea,
Wild yearnings seize me unaware,
And dim old longings wake in me—
And I believe in Fairyland.

When sunset fades along the west,
In blue, and green, and lilac bowers,
I hear the trumpets of the Blest
Blown from those old forgotten towers—
And I believe in Fairyland.

When summer comes with bloom and leaf,
And looks and laughs thro' wavering trees;
When crimson peach and golden sheaf
Hang ripening in the sun and breeze—
Then I believe in Fairyland.

When kindness half would look like love,
In eyes that give, yet veil their light;
When song and fragrance float above,
And casements open on the night—
Then I believe in Fairyland.

London Leader.

Correspondence.

Notes of a Short Tour Westward.

JUNE, 10th, 1852.

DEAR JOURNALIST:—You ask me, what musical items I have gathered on the short trip, which I have just made westward? Alas, one can travel from Dan to Beersheba as in old times and find all is (nearly) barren. But the singing master is abroad, and in some of the larger places, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, &c., I am told that the seed is sown and that some time or other the harvest will come. Heaven grant it!

I was amused at one little town in Western New York, which shall be nameless, at what was to me a novelty. A singing school happened to close with a public performance, on an evening when I was there. There was nothing particularly good, and nothing particularly bad in the singing of the school—a young lady played the piano quite respectably, and occasionally added the tones of a cultivated voice, to the rest—how instantly a little cultivation is felt!—but on the whole, it was just what we can hear in almost any of our country villages every winter. A few anthems were sung—some new psalm tunes, &c. The novelty consisted in the display of some brother singing masters, who lent their valuable assistance for that night only, and gave us some glees, sentimental songs, and the like. One of them struck me as extraordinary—he could—and actually did—more than once carry a tenor part straight through, without faltering or wavering, say a quarter of a note from the pitch; and at the next stanza, begin just where he left off! A Duo passage or two for tenor and bass proved very rich. The singing master is decidedly abroad.

On the evening of my arrival in Rochester, Catharine Hayes gave a concert in the really fine hall, which is an honor to the taste of the city. I did not attend, but heard that the audience was very small. This was not true of another concert the next evening at the same place, at which two hundred and fifty sweet little creatures from the girls' schools of the city, gave a selection of songs and duets. The pieces were such as usually form the staple on such occasions; popular airs adapted to children's (childish?) poetry. The "Spider and the Fly," "Marseilles Hymn," "Home, sweet Home," and such like common airs were sung, and were really sung exceedingly well, and greatly to the credit of their teacher. Yet why

should children be taught to depend upon his voice? A few hours of proper practice will enable any choir of children to begin at a signal, and all at once; yet here, as I have seen in our schools generally, the teacher was half through a line before his little flock was fairly under way. Strange that teachers will neglect this point as they do, for children thus contract habits which always stick by them.

The large hall was crowded and a very lively interest was plainly felt in the performance of the little Linds and Hayeses. I look upon these children's classes as of high importance—whenever the teacher really teaches them to read notes.

I could not learn that a concert of really classical music had ever been given in the place—and yet Rochester is said to have a population of 40,000. Suppose Rochester were in Germany—what an Opera we should have, what a concert orchestra, what garden concerts, what music from Haydn and Mozart in the cathedral—but it is *not* in Germany, and I do not expect to hear an opera there this year! Musical missionaries are wanted! In Buffalo an old friend gave me a sad picture of the state of music there; here and there is an individual, who can recognize the divine thought and emotion which pervade the "tone poetry" of a Mozart or Beethoven—but no such general taste as leads to any attempt at the formation of any society for the cultivation of a taste for classical works, either vocal or instrumental. In the smaller towns on the Ohio, and on the routes from Pittsburgh to Detroit, there seems to be no assortment of good piano forte music to be found; and I was several times asked for a list of pieces, which at the same time are easy and yet worthy of the name classical. A few popular songs, waltzes, quicksteps, &c., seem to be generally the stock in trade both of music sellers and music teachers there. Still one sees at times, that there is a craving for something beyond—the very indifference of many a young lady player to her piano forte arises not unfrequently from the want of something, which shall gratify a natural taste that spurns the namby pamby airs, with the old hacknied "tum, tum, tum" accompaniment, which she alone knows, rather than to any want of real music. Why cannot some of our music publishing periodicals sometimes give a page or two of real music? Why should not Graham or Godey sometimes give an Andante from Beethoven or Haydn, instead of a "Lament on our dead Pussey," by the sentimental Mr. Jones?

I was greatly delighted in Detroit with the singing in the First Presbyterian Church. It so happened, that on the Sunday when I was there, but three ladies were in the choir, two of whom sang soprano. One very beautiful voice caught my ear with its first note; in the chant it was clear, distinct, and exceedingly musical; and in psalmody it really surpassed anything which I have heard in our churches for a long time. Mr. Mills, the conductor, is really worthy of being named, for the taste with which this part of the service is conducted. It was truly dignified, solemn, and worthy of the sanctuary. But why does he allow his organist to play piano forte music on the organ?

Music seems to be getting established on a good basis in Detroit. The better class of singers there are familiar with some good music—Romberg's "Song of the Bell" for instance; and Mr. Mills has strong hopes that in course of the next

autumn and winter something may be attempted of a still higher class.

Beyond Lake Michigan music is under the protection of the Germans, and though perhaps as yet one can hear little of the truly classical, still the songs and ballads of Vaterland will in the end lead to something higher and nobler. It would be a little curious if in a few years a Bostonian should hear as much of the "genuine article" in Chicago as at home—and yet it will not be so very strange. T.

The New Organ.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

In the course of the admirable Address before the Harvard Musical Association now publishing in your journal, the author has, it seems to me, fallen into one of the two following false positions.

He has either not seen and made himself acquainted with the principles of the "Euharmonic Organ," or, if he has examined it, and had explained to him by its inventors, *what it is intended to accomplish*, he has laid himself open to the charge of deliberate misstatement of the facts in the case.

In the first place, neither Mr. Poole nor the friends of the organ claim "that it will bring about a complete revolution in the science of harmony."

Secondly, The Euharmonic organ is not like any other instrument before invented for the same purpose.

Thirdly, The principles upon which its scale is founded are those immutable laws of harmony, which ever have been, and must be recognized, so long as the present order of nature exists.

I have no doubt that Mr. Jennison upon reflection will be as ready to make the correction in his published speech, as he was anxious to stay the progress of supposed innovation in his favorite art, and to give due credit to honest attempts successfully accomplished, as may be at once proved by a reference to the organ itself.

A LOVER OF PURE HARMONY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

STANZAS.

Like a lustrous Star
Is thy dark eye's light,
Shining from afar,
Thro' the deepest night.

Like a magic spell
Is that smile of thine;
As a gleam it fell
Of the sweet sunshine.

Like a deep, full river
Is that voice of song;
Every heart doth quiver,
As it flows along.

Rills from memory stealing
Mingle with its flow,
All the springs of feeling
Gush into it now.

On the stream we float,
Souls from earth set free,
Higher swells that note—
Wave of harmony!

Hush! the song is o'er,
And we ask in vain,
Shall we on this shore
Hear that voice again?

Without enthusiasm, nothing comes out right in Art.—Schumann.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1852.

The concluding chapter of the *Reminiscences of CHOPIN*, in the present number, is touchingly beautiful and will repay reading. Nor need we make apology for the space that has been given to the whole series. Many, we doubt not, by these papers have been interested for the first time in an artist of the purest and selectest stamp, and will now seek to know him still more intimately in his music. Others, who have known something of his music, could not but have read with avidity so true, so delicately appreciating a memoir by a brother artist.

The tribute is in the highest degree honorable to LISZT himself, and we only regret that we have not more of the same good thing in reserve for our readers.

Last week we transferred to our columns a droll and clever burlesque on the modern showy concert-style of solo-playing, as exemplified in the Flute. This time we reproduce a poetic *jeu d'esprit* by Mr. CRANCH, written when De Meyer was the rage six years ago. To our fancy, it hits the subject (we may say the fashion) in just about the right medium between joke and serious, and ends with a just appeal from the brilliant finger-music of the day to the true ends and meanings of the divine Art.

We give place to a brief stricture by "A Lover of Pure Harmony," on the allusion to the "Euharmonic Organ" in a portion of Mr. Jennison's address, in the hope that it may lead to some fair and friendly discussion of the interesting problems raised by that remarkable instrument. But as we understand Mr. Jennison's words, his position with regard to the organ is a wholly non-committal one, and implies no partial pre-judgment of the case.

Jubilee of the German Glee Clubs.

The *Saengerbund*, or league of United States German singers, numbering over twelve hundred voices, are now celebrating their third annual festival for the first time in New York. The enthusiasm of the Baltimore and Philadelphia festivals, in the two past summers, will of course be renewed and deepened here.

This is a beautiful popular custom of the Germans, and one which we hard-scrabbling, money-making, desperately political Americans might imitate to some advantage. These crowds are drawn together for no end of gain, or self, or party interest. It is purely for the love of Music and to honor that divine bond of unity which Music helps to weave between human hearts. The nationality, the large humanity of the Germans, politically so oppressed and partitioned off into petty kingdoms, is nourished and kept green by this common German sentiment for ART. The nearest thing we have to these *Saengerbund* festivals, are our Musical "Conventions" and "Teachers' Institutes," so excellent in their way. But these have the utilitarian element in them, and do not represent that pure musical enthusiasm which now calls out the Germans. Our's are to train music-teachers and sell music-books and extend the dominion of this or that

music-school, and incidentally and indirectly operate (as they certainly have done most beneficially) upon the public musical taste. Their's (the Germans') are the spontaneous social outburst of the musical feeling. Their's are truly festivals; our's are business conventions.

The celebration in New York opens this evening with a torch-light procession. To-morrow, Sunday, they give a grand Sacred Concert in Metropolitan Hall, when doubtless the great choruses of Handel will be heard, as well as the sublimely simple Lutheran Chorales. And by that sea of manly voices, with manly hearts in them! On Monday a secular concert; excursions to green places, games, &c., will complete the Jubilee in true German style and spirit.

Madame De La Grange.

This distinguished prima donna, the new star just now at Her Majesty's Theatre, was born in France in 1823. She learned music at first merely to satisfy the world's requirement of an accomplished lady; but her talent developed in such a surprising manner, that it was soon clear to her teachers and herself that this art was her true vocation.

Thereupon she enjoyed the instruction of Bordogni in Paris, and then made Italy her home for five years. Here her intimacy with Pasta was of infinite advantage to her; Pasta became her teacher, her model and her friend, and introduced her also to Rossini, at whose instance and recommendation she sang in Bologna, Florence, Padua and Venice.

In Paris she appeared first as Desdemona, then as Alice and Lucia, with decided success.

Madame De La Grange first went to Germany in the year 1848, where she was engaged as first singer at the Italian Opera in Vienna; but in the very same year she sang the Rosina and the Lucia in the German opera and carried the public to a pitch of enthusiastic recognition. With her extraordinary talent for languages, she could soon sing as well in German, as in French or Italian.

Soon after she went back to Paris, to the Grand Opera. In the spring of 1850, when Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was to be put upon the stage in Vienna, the composer designated Madame De La Grange for the part of Fides. She undertook it and performed it fourteen times in succession.

From Vienna she went to Pesh, where she became the favorite of the Hungarian public, and redoubled their homage by the fact that she learned the Magyar language and appeared in their national Opera amid the most tumultuous applause.

From that time this honored artiste has selected Germany for her especial home, and she has found great recognition in the North, particularly in Hamburg. For some years she has been married to Herr von Stankowitsch, a Montenegrin, who holds the rank of colonel in the Russian service.

Madame De La Grange's voice, (so says a German criticism of last autumn,) still possesses all its natural freshness and strong color, which in the sustained tones tells in the midst of a full orchestra. But more wonderful than nature is the art, the finished method of the singer. The greatest correctness and certainty, even in the most difficult intonations; perfect confidence in leaps through two whole octaves; the most un-

common flexibility and pearly liquidity of throat; smooth runs; genuine trills, that ring out clear and gradually melt away—all these excellencies of a great *bravura* singer are ascribed by the Germans to Madame La Grange.

Besides the Fides, such rôles as the Rosina, the Lucia, the Isabella in *Robert le Diable*, the Martha of Von Flotow, &c., are set down as her best. It is said that her strong points in *Le Prophète*, are those in which mechanical execution has the freest scope, as the great aria in the fifth act. In power, firmness and fullness of tone, as well as in sustained melody, and in her conception of the entire rôle, and in dramatic intensity in certain situations, JOANNA WAGNER is placed far before her. She played Fides with the tenor, ROGER, "an artist who has such a magical attractive power of drawing another on with him in his sun-path, that it becomes difficult to tell whether that other shines mainly by her own, or by his light."

Previous to her arrival in London, Madame De La Grange was singing in Leipsic. Mr. Lowell Mason heard her, and writes thus to the N. Y. *Musical World*:

"She has a voice rich in tone, extensive in compass, and of great flexibility. Her lower register is very fine, having more power than that of Sontag: indeed this is true of her whole compass, and in this particular she may be compared to Jenny Lind. With respect to quality and purity of tone, we think the latter lady may have the preference in the higher register, but elsewhere the voice of De La Grange is superior. In her lesson in the 'Barber,' of Rossini, she ran up with apparent ease to the thrice marked small G; and in her songs in the *Zauberflöte* she touched the thrice marked small F with the ease and accuracy of a piano forte. She sings with a freedom, openness, frankness of voice (so to speak) that we have scarcely ever heard equalled, and never excelled. She is, perhaps, thirty years of age, and of most interesting appearance, good figure, large and bewitching eyes, easy, graceful, and elegant in every movement and gesticulation. We have been delighted with her singing; but yet not more so than with that of Sontag or of Jenny Lind."

Since compiling the above we hear voices chanting the other side of the story; from which it would seem doubtful if Lumley has yet found his ark of safety. The *Tribune* critic heard Madame La Grange three years ago in Paris "sing to very small and very cold audiences," and could not "perceive any reason why they should be warm. It was the fair singing of a worn voice," &c. And in the *London Leader* "our incomparable *Vivian*" records his opinion thus:

"A more unpromising *débüt* than that of Madame De La Grange at Her Majesty's on Saturday, I have not seen for some time. It was a 'blaze of triumph'; but I call upon the reader to watch the duration of this fervor. The opera was Lucia. The *débütante* created such a 'sensation' as genius alone could justify. I stand, therefore, in a minority; but I am not the least concerned as to the result. As far as I understand acting, Madame De La Grange is one of the worst actresses on the stage; as far as I understand singing, she is the least agreeable *prima donna* we have. The sentence is severe, let us await the verdict of a few weeks. Her voice is worn, unsympathetic, and, in its high screams, painfully resembles the sound of whistling through a key. As a set off against this, let me add that her execution is often marvelous, especially in *staccato* passages, which she accomplished with a precision and delicacy that deserved the applause that saluted them. But, although to deny her great skill would be to deny evidence, I return to my position, that her singing is decidedly not agreeable, because unmusical; for the deli-

cacy and intensity of expression demanded by music, I can accept no substitute in the way of *floriture*."

THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND made an agreeable and promising beginning of their Summer Afternoon Concerts in the Melodeon. The hall was quite well filled, and the audiences will naturally grow larger and larger, unless the heat becomes too tropical. Such cheap summer opportunities of hearing good instrumental music of a higher order than mere quicksteps and waltzes, and yet with a judicious mingling of the light and graceful with the classical and solid, were just what the people wanted, and will contribute both to the refreshment and the refinement of those doomed to spend the season within the hot walls of the city.

The programme on this first occasion (as we doubt not also on the second, yesterday) was well up to the above requirement. It consisted of about an equal number of pieces from the eight brass instruments or "Serenade Band" proper, and from the "String department"—strange as it is to call that a *department*, which includes the whole *plus* more than as many more, to wit: two first and two second violins, a viola, two violoncelli (or perhaps we should say *one and a half*, one being a boy—but the other was WULF FRIES), a double bass, two flutes, two clarinets, two horns, two trumpets, trombone, &c.

Here were most of the elements of quite a nice little orchestra, and under the excellent leadership of Mr. Suck they played with beautiful precision and regard to light and shade. The brass however, from the acquired unity of so much practice, was naturally too telling for the rest; the violins too few, and though the two first violins (one of them at all events) were finely played, yet they have by no means acquired the relative efficiency which somewhat compensated for the same want of numbers in the "Germania Musical Society." This perhaps will come with habit. The greatest want we felt was of bassoons, to mediate between strings and brass. An oboe also is much needed. Good performers on these instruments are extremely rare in Boston, for the reason that they unfit the *embouchure* of the artist for other wind instruments, and do not repay an exclusive devotion. Mr. WERNER was in his right place as first flute, as was Mr. SCHNAPP at the head of the brass.

The lack of body and proportion was most felt, of course, in the first piece, the Overture to *Egmont*; in spite of the understanding and precision with which it was given, it suffered much for want of violin power. The rendering and enjoyment were more complete in the more light and graceful overture by Kalliwoda, and in the very choice waltz and opera selections. The deficiency was not a little relieved, whenever Mr. Suck felt free to join his own vigorous bow to the first violins.

Taken as a whole, as a first performance, after very few rehearsals, and with the temporary necessity of vacant places for certain important instruments until they can be filled and well filled,—this little experiment was too promising to be allowed to come to any other issue, than to grow and ripen into a really artistic orchestra. This it may do, we trust, without any injury to other similar organizations; for the time has past when the monopoly policy can be a safe one,

even to those whom it is most designed to favor. Whatsoever can maintain itself by merit, is in the long run and in the best sense encouraging to all.

We need not say so much of the brass band performances, under Mr. SCHNAPP's effectual conduct and tuition, for their merit is no new thing. We can scarcely imagine eight such instruments much better played. There is some room for remark, however, on the selections of music for such homogeneous groups of a peculiar family. Those that the "Serenade Band" have been in the habit of giving, are from a great variety of good sources. They are all interesting, if only as a matter of curiosity when so played. But some kinds of music suit the nature of the instrument, the family; and some kinds, when the first surprise of novelty is over, sound like rather far-fetched imitations of the real thing. The Trio from *Lucrezia*, the song from Lortzing's German Opera: "The Czar and the Carpenter," we were glad to hear in this way; they were beautifully, smoothly, richly played, all the parts clear and finished, well subdued, &c.; and yet, after all, the effect is far from dramatic; the rich and mellow tones are passionless. Again we were still more grateful for that reminiscence of the most beautiful prayer in the *Freyschutz*: *Und ob die Wolke*, &c. But it gave us a new light about the peculiarity of these smooth brass tones, and wherein they can only feebly imitate the characteristic, vital music of the orchestra or human voice. The more pathetic, the more human the music to be interpreted, the more cold and inadequate do the tones of these instruments appear. With all their mellowness and smoothness, with all their luscious commingling, they sound to us like soulless, watery, Undine-like natures; and while we have the perfect shape of the melody we loved, it still affects us somehow like its ghost. But when that "Hungarian March" was played, so full of sad, determined, truly moral heroism, who did not feel the fitness of the music to the organs that conveyed it, and a more real, although simpler, satisfaction.

The same criticism, or an analogous one, applies to this whole modern improvement in the construction of brass instruments; to the whole Saxhorn family, the valve-trumpet, &c., so softened down and made so smooth and flexible instead of the harsh, spirited, crackling blast of the old straight trumpet. That had *character*, if it was somewhat intractable; but these are somewhat emasculated in their gentleness.—But this opens a whole field of discussion, which we may not enter now.

OUR MILITARY BANDS. Many times of late, while listening in the streets, it has seemed to us that our bands do not perform as good a kind of music as they have done in some previous years. Arrangements from the fashionable modern Italian Opera music, *scenas*, *cavatins*, *choruses*, and so forth, from *Ernani* and *Lucia* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, however much they recall certain pleasant associations and pique certain acquired appetites, are far from being a very effective kind of music in martial parades and civic street processions. They sound too effeminate, far-fetched and characterless. They are not manly, soul-stirring, bold enough. Far better for the purpose were those German Marches, composed (if we remember rightly) by Walsch, upon which our old "Brigade

Band" built up its character some twenty years ago, and which were favorites for years since. Far better those three or four stern, simple, sad, determined Hungarian Marches, which now and then salute our ears. Those have the true ring to them; those expand the chest as well as lift the feet, and make one feel that life is indeed a march to some great purpose. Those seem to belong to all times, when men are men, and to convey the real thrill of strong, free hearts.

It is a pity that our bands should lose in the character of the music which they play, what they have gained in skill of playing. For in this last respect there is no denying the great improvement that is extending itself throughout the land; and we shall not be so ungrateful to the days of our own boyhood, as to despise the influence which this street music has in forming the public taste, or at least love, for music.

We do not suppose this opera fashion peculiar to our own Boston bands. We have noticed the same thing in New York, and presume it is a sort of all-pervading *fashion*—for there are fashions in street tunes, imitated from city to city, as there are fashions in hats and coats.

We noticed not long since, when a very long and splendid procession passed us, as band after band came within hearing distance, that the tunes played were about equally divided between operatic airs and "negro melodies." Surely from such armies of clever musicians and such armories of shining instruments, we might expect something better. Does not good taste indicate some room for reform here?

Musical Intelligence.

New York.

INFANTILE VIRTUOSOS. A concert of a novel character was announced for Thursday. The performers were to be three of the minute musical prodigies of the day: little Mdlle. Petit, *pianiste*, nine years old, who plays the most difficult pieces; little Miss Patti, eight years old, who sings the cavatine from *Ernani*, *Sonnambula*, &c., with an operatic air; and, for a very little squire to the two little ladies, master Marsh, the infant drummer, four years old. Such a fairy force must be altogether irresistible in these midsummer evenings.

ALBONI. Her kind newspaper keepers seem not to have definitively disposed of the great contralto yet,—but *es geht an*, as Teufelsdröckh says. One has consigned her to cool summer retirement in Fairfield, Connecticut. But the *Herald* knowingly hints of two or three concerts in "about a fortnight," and has been kind enough to investigate and settle the question for the moral portion of the community, of which it is the organ, that Alboni has not come out here for any humbug of a philanthropic purpose, like Kossuth, Jenny Lind and Ole Bull; nor even to make money; but simply to enjoy herself, being one of the richest, heartiest, laziest and best of women; her chief attraction hither being "the shad of the North River and the canvas-back ducks of the Potomac." Knowing *Herald*!

But the grave editor of the *Journal of Commerce* has been allowed to hear her sing. You would think he had been taking exhilarating gas. So has he of the *Mirror*, who declares that her low notes resemble the *tones of a drum*! and that *her face is round and fair as an apple*. These confirm the report of speedy concerts.

P. S. The concert is announced for the 23d.

SAFETY OF CONCERT ROOMS. The *Tribune*, in memory of the Goldschmidt and in anticipation of the Alboni concerts, justly sounds the alarm about Metropolitan Hall, and the difficulty of getting out of it. We copy it, because the subject should be agitated in all our cities. We too look back with a shudder to "that inclosure, from which the throng of five thousand or more persons was compelled, in coming out, to crush through the narrow throat at the head of the staircase: and we

must call aloud upon the proprietors, as we have before done, to make some arrangement which would render an awful destruction of human life, in case of sudden alarm, not so fatally certain as it is now. We cannot recall any hall of the size, whence the means of issue so totally preclude hope of safety in an emergency. The difficulty is in the narrowness of the staircase, and until some steps are taken to remove so serious an objection to a hall, otherwise quite unparalleled (?) for its purpose, it will be our duty to refresh the public remembrance of its great insecurity in this respect."

MAD. MABERLINI, the mysterious, who made the singular breakdowns in Boston, last Autumn, and has since sung in Charleston with the like result, is about to repeat the experiment in New York. The *Herald* announces her with a long flourish of trumpets, speaks of her beauty, her eminently Italian face, her "great success" (!) in Boston, and how Jenny Lind went in one night to hear her—but not how she went out again!

PARIS.

GRAND OPERA. Father Fétis continues his long and eulogistic analysis of *Le Juif Errant*, pointing out its beauties scene by scene and strain by strain. Such authority may well suspend judgment, in spite of the adverse impression of most other lovers of good music. The play continues on the stage, the house continues thronged, Tedesco continues to win admiration and has renewed her engagement. It would seem that the votes were gradually going over to the side of M. Fétis. We hope soon to hear again from our own correspondent.

The OPERA COMIQUE always maintains itself, and must lend a very genial sort of moonlight just now to the shaded hemisphere of the lyrical great world, while all the operatic sun-light blazes in the London hemisphere. There the Parisians have been finding entertainment in light, graceful, funny operettes, such as *Richard-Cœur-de-Lion*, the *Deserteur*, the *Tableau Parlant*, the *Calife* and the *Voitures versées* (carriages upset) by Boildieu, of which a critic says that: "A natural, easy, even melody, united to a simple and rational harmony, in which there intervenes an instrumentation sober, clear and not too noisy, has decidedly its impre-scriptible rights." The *Voitures versées* is said to be as popular as was the *Dame Blanche*.

M. HABERBIER. This new pianist with his new finger method, to whom we alluded some weeks since, has given a second concert, and opinions seem remarkably divided. The *Gazette* runs him as "This new instrumental Messiah, this Mahomet of the piano, this Calvin in fingering, announced as a reformer," &c., and sums up the result of the second, as of the first concert, in these words:

"M. Haberbiere is an artist of talent, a charming pianist, who has more dexterity than tone, more address than sensibility and who understands passage-playing better than song; and as for his new points of mechanism, there is not a pianist of a little experience who does not find them scattered through the studies of Kalkbrenner, of Czerny, above all in the music of Liszt, and even in the variations of Henri Herz."

Not so the *France Musicale*. This pronounces the concert a "complete and definitive triumph," hints at a balked conspiracy against him, likens it to a scene in the life of Stradella, since a room-full of "pianists who came with a hostile end, felt all criticism expire on their lips." No more "acrimonious conversations," no more "bitter raileries." They found that he had actually "come to teach them the means of doubling their power of execution," and so on. He played the Overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the *Cypride de Salon* and the *Fontaine* of his own, and with signal triumph the *Nocturne* and *Grande Valse* of Chopin. The writer ascribes to him the "vague spiritualism" of the music of the North, and says:

"Since Liszt and Chopin, no pianist has so profoundly moved the feminine fibre. We know a lady of high rank who never speaks of Haberbiere and of his playing, unless with admiration, with a serious and select enthusiasm, which is not free from a sort of mysticism."

The *Revue des deux Mondes* and other papers echo this last opinion and talk as enthusiastically about the spirit of the Northern music as if the Danish pianist were an Ole Bull in his way. One critic said: "We have not been hearing the piano, we have been hearing music": which certainly conveys the opposite impression to the opinion first quoted.

At the grand ceremony of blessing the flags in the Champ-de-Mars, parts of the "Mass of St. Cecilia," by Adolph Adam, were executed by the united bands of all the regiments of the garrison of Paris, numbering more than a thousand musicians. The infantry bands took the instrumental, and the cavalry (brass) bands the vocal parts of the Mass.

"THEORIES COMPLETES DU CHANT" is the title of a new treatise on the voice and the art of singing, by M. Stephen de la Madelaine, just published in Paris. We see it spoken of as "the most complete and learned exposition that has ever yet been made of this important branch of the musical art." It begins with defining that vague word, *Method*. (Pity to rob our critics of such a learned-looking screen, when they don't know what to say about a singer!) Then follows a treatise on the vocal mechanism, "a brilliant series of principles borrowed from the most illustrious masters, Crescentini, Porpora, Garcia, Bordogni, &c., precious traditions to which M. Madelaine adds the result of his own experience." Then follows *Style*, or the aesthetic part of the subject; and finally *Hygiene* as connected with singing. The work is said to possess great charm of style and illustration.

LONDON.

OPERA. At Her Majesty's *Lucia* was repeated with Madame De La Grange, who achieved a still more decided success than at the first time. Gardoni's Edgardo was much admired. Feriotti was the Enrico. — Cruvelli has third appeared in her great character of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, supported by Calzolari and Belletti. That might be coveted as the highest lyric opportunity of the times! Cruvelli has impressed most persons of true taste and musical feeling as the *genius par excellence* among the newly risen stars, the *London Athenaeum* to the contrary notwithstanding. The Wagner's forbidden power is said to be mainly dramatic. — *Fidelio* was followed on the same evening by a light comic opera: *La Proca d'un Opera Seria*.

"Light comedy characters are infinitely better adapted to the capabilities of Madame La Grange, than parts exacting dramatic power and passion. The capricious, touchy, and exacting *prima donna* was well acted and admirably sung: the introduced bravura was a triumph of florid vocalism, and deservedly brought down thunders of applause as she poured forth a series of novel as well as daring roulades. Lablache's duo with Madame La Grange, 'Ah, *guardate che figura*,' was received as usual with shouts of merriment, although it has been heard season after season for upwards of twenty years. Equally delighted was the auditory with the well-known directions of the sensitive composer to the orchestra. Lablache revels in practical jokes with the members of the band in the distribution of the parts of the score to each player. Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince Albert honored the performance with their presence."

On Thursday June 3d was an extra night. Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* was given by Lablache, Mme. La Grange, Calzolari and Ferranti. The giant was in excellent voice and perhaps never played the part with more humor.

At the ROYAL ITALIAN a representation of *La Juice* confirmed the success of the French tenor, M. Gueymard. Mme. Jullienne's Rachel and the Cardinal of Herr Formes were great successes. — *I Puritani* was twice performed, and MARIO was the hero, GRISI the Elvira. Says "Vivian" in the *Leader*:

"Mario was not dead, but sleeping. His voice—that sweet and tender voice, so delicate, so voluptuous—that voice which we all thought had lost its bouquet, made itself felt the other night in *Puritani* with all its pristine beauty, and a crammed audience rejoiced in the discovery. That was a 'blaze of triumph'—that was singing."

Think what a caste in *Lucrezia Borgia*! For the Duchess, GRISI; Gennaro, MARIO; Duke Alfonso, RONCONI; Maffeo Orsini, MDLLE. SEGUIN (said to have been a failure); and in the secondary male parts, MARINI, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, MEL, ROMMI, &c. Chorus and orchestra under COSTA, were magnificent. "Marini's voice in the masked chorus was a tower of strength and contributed greatly to its electrical effect." "The dying scene of Mario raised the enthusiasm of one of the greatest houses of the season to the highest pitch." — For the extra night, June 3d, Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* was played for the fifth time.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY at its sixth concert gave "Spohr's somniferous symphony in D minor" and a MS. overture by Cherubini. The *Illustrated News* con-

trasts the excitement of the auditory at the C minor of Beethoven, with the profound apathy attending this symphony of Spohr's. Beethoven's "Men of Prometheus" was the other overture. JOACHIM played Mendelssohn's only violin concerto. The singers were CLARA NOVELLO and STAUDIGL.

NEW PHILHARMONIC. Mendelssohn's Symphony in A (posthumous, with the Saltarello movement); the first of Beethoven's four "Leonora-Fidelio" overtures; Berlioz's own overture, *Les Francs Juges*; and his orchestral arrangement of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, were the main features of the fifth concert. M. Silas played his own piano forte concerto; and Sivioli the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, combining, it was said, "the purity of tone of the Italian, the sentiment of the German, and the brilliancy of the French schools of violin playing."

Summer Afternoon Concerts, AT THE MELODEON, BY THE Germania Serenade Band.

THESE CONCERTS will take place EVERY FRIDAY, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Packages containing four tickets, at 50 cents a package, can be obtained at the usual places, and at the door on the afternoons of the Concerts, where single tickets at 25 cents each, may also be had.

10 tf GERMANIA SERENADE BAND

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION are ready to receive applications for the use of their HALL and LECTURE ROOM, (entrance on Bumstead Place and on Winter Street,) by Religious Societies, for the purpose of regular worship on Sundays, after the 15th of November next.

The MUSIC HALL, furnished with Organ, &c., will seat three thousand persons, and the LECTURE ROOM, eight hundred. Written applications may be addressed to the subscriber, at No. 39 Court Street, who will give such further information as shall be desired.

FRANCIS L. BATCHELDER,
Clerk B. M. H. A.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

GEO. P. REED & CO. have just issued a new edition of the "BOSTON ACADEMY COLLECTION OF CHORUSES," price reduced from \$24 to \$14 a dozen.

PERGOLESE's celebrated STABAT MATER for two female voices, newly translated by J. S. DWIGHT, Esq., a welcome work to lovers of good music.

The *Nightingale's Nest*, a Cantata by the eminent German composer, REICHHART, translated by Mr. THAYER of Cambridge. A beautiful piece, suitable for concerts, taking about forty minutes to perform it; consisting of Solos for bass, tenor, and soprano voices, with Choruses. Price, \$8 the dozen.

Also BEYER's *New Instructions for the Piano; Materials for Piano Forte Playing*, by JULIUS KNORR, a work highly approved by the best teachers. Price, \$2.

G. P. R. & CO. have also received a further supply of the valuable publications of J. ALFRED NOVELLO of London, for whom they act as agents—consisting of the ORATORIOS of HANDEL, HAYDN, and MENDELSSOHN, and the complete MASSES of MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, S. WEBB, VON WEBER, and others, with the finest collection of BACH'S FUGUES, and music generally for the organ, that has ever been seen in Boston.

Apr. 10. tf

CZERNY'S PIANO FORTE METHOD.

As a Manual to Teachers and Amateurs it is invaluable.—*London Morning Chronicle*.

It is one of the most valuable contributions to the art.—*London Musical World*.

In regard to interest and utility it can never be surpassed.—*J. A. Hamilton*.

It is a work of uncommon merit—one superior to all others.—*Drawing-Room Journal, Philadelphia*.

A splendid acquisition to the list of American publications.—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier*.

It is rapidly taking the place of all other methods.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

It is calculated to impart a ready and thorough knowledge of the art.—*Baltimore Patriot*.

A book of invaluable worth as a code of thorough systematic education.—*Philadelphia Sun*.

It is the most complete system published.—*Norfolk County Journal*.

We cannot too strongly recommend this excellent work.—*N. Y. Scientific American*.

The most thorough and complete work of the kind.—*Mason's Choral Advocate*.

It is a standard work in the musical circles of Great Britain.—*The Asmodean*.

This book must be of great value in schools and families.—*N. Y. Observer*.

There is no book published, which can compare with this.—*East Boston Ledger*.

It is eminently a book for the people.—*Boston Transcript*.

Powerful aids to the learner are embraced in this work.—*Message Bird*.

A deservedly popular work.—*Philadelphia Mercury*.

Czerny can boast of having given to musical Europe Thal-

berg, Liszt and Debussy.—*La France Musicale*.

Published by ALFRED DITSON, 115 Washington Street, Boston. Sold by all Music Dealers and Booksellers in the Union.

Apr. 10. tf

DEPOT FOR

Homœopathic Books & Medicines;

HYDROPATHIC BOOKS; Photographic and Phototypic Works; FOWLER & WELLS' Publications on Phrenology and Physiology &c.; Writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, Theological and Philosophical; Barometers, Thermometers, &c. For sale, wholesale and retail, by

Apr. 10. tf OTIS CLAPP, 23 School St.

MUSIC BOOKS,
PUBLISHED BY
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY & CO.
29 Cornhill, Boston.

BERTINI'S PIANO FORTE INSTRUCTOR.
By A. Progressive and Complete Method for the Piano Forte.
By HENRY BERTINI. The only complete and correct edition published.

The Modern Harp, or BOSTON SACRED MELODIST.
A Collection of Church Music. By E. L. WHITE and J. E. GOULD.

The Opera Chorus Book. Consisting of Trios, Quartets, Quintets, Solos, and Choruses, from the most popular Operas. By E. L. WHITE and J. E. GOULD.

Sabbath School Lane. A Selection of Hymns and appropriate Melodies, adapted to the wants of Sabbath Schools.

The Tyrolean Lyre. A Glee Book consisting of easy pieces, arranged mostly for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass voices, for the use of Societies, Schools, Clubs, Choirs, and the social circle. By E. L. WHITE and JOHN E. GOULD.

Sacred Chorus Book. Consisting mostly of Selections from the works of HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, ROMBERG, NEUKOMM, ROSSINI, &c. &c., with an accompaniment for the Organ or Piano Forte. Suitable for singing societies, and advanced schools. By EDWARD L. WHITE and J. E. GOULD.

The Jenny Lind Glee Book. Consisting of the most popular Songs sung by Mad'le JENNY LIND. By DAVID PAINE.

Popular School Song Books; THE WREATH OF SCHOOL SONGS. By EDWARD L. WHITE and JOHN E. GOULD.

Elementary Music Book. By BENJAMIN F. BAKER. Apr. 10. tf

NEW & VALUABLE MUSIC BOOKS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER DITSON,....BOSTON.

SPOHR'S GRAND VIOLIN SCHOOL, being an exact reprint of the latest European editions, with all the author's new revisions and improvements. One volume, quarto. Price, \$3.

* Among the many peculiar excellencies of this Violin School one is remarkable, that the Elementary Instructions do not precede the practical portion of the work as in other Schools, but are combined therewith; by this union the pupil is enabled to take the Violin in hand at the first lesson; in fact, he should and must then commence with it. The author's knowledge, as observable in his Preface, is no small addition to the truly practical distinctions of this School; his style is simple, clear, noble, and elegant, alike attractive and useful as a standard to the pupil as to the master.

Czermy's Exercises in Velocity. (30 Etudes de la Vitesse), preceded by Nine New Introductory Exercises, and concluded by a New Study on Octaves, (composed expressly for this edition), for the Piano Forte. From the Nineteenth London Edition, with Notes. By J. A. HAMILTON. In three Numbers. Price of each, 50 cents. Complete in one volume, \$1.25.

* Calculated to develop and equalize the fingers, and to insure the utmost brilliancy and rapidity of execution.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF

The Seminary Class Book of Music, designed for Seminaries, High Schools, Private Classes, etc., containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises, Solfegeios, and a copious selection of Secular and Sacred Songs, Duets and Trios. By E. L. WHITE and T. BISSILL.

* The above work has been before the public only one year, yet it has become a universal favorite, and is used in all parts of the Union. During the past year every inquiry has been made in order to ascertain in what way it could be improved and made fully equal to the wants of those for whom it is intended, and from suggestions thus obtained the publisher has been induced to add to and in other ways improve it. It is now pronounced to be exactly what is wanted, and as such it is offered to the public.

The above books can be obtained in large or small quantities of the publisher, 115 Washington St., and of music dealers and booksellers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 7 tf

**OLD AND MODERN
ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN AND GERMAN
PROOFS and PRINTS,
In Line, Mezzotint, Lithograph, &c. &c.
PLAIN AND COLORED.**

THE particular attention of Connoisseurs is invited to the opportunity which is now presented for making additions to their collections of valuable ENGRAVINGS, as many Proofs and rare Impressions of celebrated Pictures, which are also engraved by the most Eminent Artists, are for sale at
Apr. 10. tf N. D. COTTON'S, 13 Tremont Row.

CHOICE MUSIC BOOKS

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY
OLIVER DITSON,

115 Washington Street, Boston.

Czermy's Method for the Piano,	\$3.00
Bertini's Instructions for the Piano,	3.00
Hunt's Piano Forte Instructions,	1.50
The Child's First Music Book,50
The Piano without a Master,50
The Melodeon without a Master,50
The Guitar without a Master,50
Curtis's Complete Method for Guitar,	2.00
Leblanc's Complete Method of Singing,	2.50
Vocal Exercises and Solfegeios—Lowell Mason,	1.00
Spoer's Violin School,	3.00
Wragg's Flute Instructor,	1.00
Schneider's Practical Organ School,	2.50
The Seminary Class Book of Music,50
Czermy's Treatise on Thorough Bass,50
Jousse's Catechism of Music,25
Mozart's Twelfth Mass,75
Five Thousand Musical Terms—A Complete Dictionary,50

Apr. 10. tf

E. H. WADE,

197 Washington Street, Boston.

PUBLISHER & DEALER IN SHEET MUSIC
and Musical Merchandise of every description. Publisher of BERTINI'S METHOD FOR THE PIANO.

New and Second Hand Pianos, bought, sold and exchanged. Cash paid for Pianos. *PIANOS TO LET.*

E. H. Wade's Catalogue at present comprises all of the Music published by W. H. OAKES, C. BRADLEE & Co. and A. & T. P. ORBWAY, making it the largest and most valuable one in the country; which, with a large exchange list, enables him to offer every inducement to the trade, to Seminaries, to Professors and the musical public, for their patronage.
Apr. 10. tf

**MUSICAL WORKS
RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY
MASON & LAW,
23 Park Row, Opposite Astor House, N. York.**

THE ACADEMY VOCALIST. A Collection of Vocal Music, arranged for the use of Seminaries, High Schools, Singing Classes, &c. By GEORGE F. ROOT, Professor of Music in Rutgers and Spingler Institutes, the New York Institution for the Blind, &c. With a complete course of Elementary Instruction, Vocal Exercises, and Solfegeios, by LOWELL MASON.

This work is intended to supply a want long felt in our Higher Schools and Institutions. The music is arranged for three parts, and in such a manner that it may be sung exclusively by female voices or by a mixed choir. Whenever solos occur, a simple accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Melodeon has been added. The work is printed from new English type and on beautiful paper. *Retail price, 62 1-2 cents.*

ZUNDEL'S ORGAN BOOK. By JOHN ZUNDEL. Two Hundred and Fifty Easy Voluntaries and Interludes for the Organ, Melodeon, Seraphine, &c. With Introductory Remarks, Description of Stops, Directions for the Purchase of Organs, &c., adapting the work especially to the wants of young organists, and those who have made sufficient progress to accompany plain Psalmody on the Organ, Melodeon, or Seraphine. *Retail price, \$1.50*

THE GLEE HIVE. BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. A Collection of Glee and Part Songs, selected and arranged for the Musical Conventions and Teachers' Institutes of the Boston Academy of Music. By LOWELL MASON and GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

Here are Thirty-three choice, tasteful, and sprightly Glee and Part Songs, mostly new, from the best Authors, sold at an exceedingly low price. It is just the book wanted by Singing Clubs, Societies, Classes, and the Social Circle. *Retail price, 38 cents.*

WILDER'S SCHOOL MUSIC. A Collection of Thirty-six New and Beautiful Songs, arranged for Schools and Juvenile Classes. By L. WILDER, Teacher of Music in the Brooklyn Music Schools, &c.

This work has already been adopted in the Schools of Brooklyn, New York, &c. *Retail price, 18 3-4 cents.*

CANTICA LAUDIS: OR THE AMERICAN BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC. By LOWELL MASON, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music, Editor of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society's Collection, Carmina Sacra, and other of the most popular Music Books in the country; and GEORGE JAMES WEBB, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music, and Editor of many valuable Musical Works.

The increased satisfaction with which it was received, and the unprecedented success of this book, MASON AND WEBB'S LATEST WORK, as well as the warm commendations it has received from the Musical Profession generally, establish it as the best and most attractive collection of Church Music which even these celebrated authors have ever produced. It contains a greater amount, as well as variety, of truly beautiful new tunes, anthems, chants, and other pieces, than any similar work; besides a copious collection of the standard old tunes. The Elements of Vocal Music have been newly and most carefully prepared, and to adapt it more particularly to CHOIRS and SINGING SCHOOLS, about Two Hundred Solfegeio Exercises and Progressive Lessons have been added. In addition to numerous testimonials from the press, it having been pronounced the "MOST VALUABLE BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC EVER ISSUED," it has received from every section of the country the unqualified approbation of more than ONE HUNDRED PROFESSORS and TEACHERS OF MUSIC. *Retail price, 88 cents.*

JUST PUBLISHED,

MARX'S MUSICAL COMPOSITION. The Theory and Practice of Musical Composition. By ADOLPH BERNARD MARX, Doctor of Music, &c. Translated from the third German Edition, and edited by HERMANN S. SABOTZ.

A. B. MARX holds such high rank in Germany as a writer upon the subject of Musical Composition, that any recommendation of his great work to those who are at all acquainted with the musical literature of the land which is emphatically the home of music, would be superfluous. It is without a rival as a treatise upon this subject, thoroughly scientific and yet adapted to popular comprehension.

The present translation is beautifully printed in 406 octavo pages, and bound in English cloth. *Retail price, \$2.50.*

NEW HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

TEMPLE MELODIES. A Collection of nearly all the Standard and Popular Tunes, in connection with Five Hundred Favorite Hymns; arranged as a Hymn and Tune Book for Vestries, Social Meetings, Congregational and Family Worship, &c. By DARIUS E. JONES.

This work has already been introduced, and is used with great satisfaction and profit in the vestries of many Churches and in the Congregations of some, while the publishers have received numerous recommendations from Clergymen and others. Those who love the old tunes, and who deem it a desirable object that as many as possible should unite in the singing, especially at social meetings, will find this exactly the book wanted.

* Two Editions of the Work are published—an OCTAVO Edition, price One Dollar; a POCHEMICO EDITION, price Seventy-five Cents. Both Editions are the same as regards contents, PAGE FOR PAGE, and vary only in the size of type. A liberal discount will be made when ordered by the quantity for Churches, Vestries, &c.
New York, Apr. 17. tf

MR. ARTHURSON,

HAVING taken up his residence in the neighborhood of Boston, is prepared to receive a limited number of Pupils for instruction in the MODERN SCHOOL OF ITALIAN AND ENGLISH VOCALIZATION. Terms, per quarter, \$50. The first month, THREE lessons per week—each lesson one hour's duration.

The advantages, which a long residence in the principal cities of Europe has given him, of studying under the first masters of the day, will, he doubts not, be fully appreciated by those desirous of rapid advancement in the art. The above terms include instruction in the Italian language, a knowledge of which is essential to the proper development of the voice, and a distinct articulation.

Communications may be addressed to the care of GEO. F. REED, 17 Tremont Row. 3 3m

Mrs. ROSA GARCIA De RIBAS,
TEACHER OF THE
PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,
2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, Apr. 10. 3m

D. B. NEWHALL,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
PIANO FORTES,
No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.
PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.
Apr. 10. tf

J. CHICKERING,
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
334 Washington Street, Boston.
Apr. 10. tf

JOSEPH L. BATES,
No. 129 Washington Street, Boston.
IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN EUROPEAN FANCY Goods, Novelties, Perfumery, Stationery, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Umbrellas and Parasols.
Articles for Presents—for the use of Travelers—of Utility and Ornament, constantly for sale at the lowest prices.
129 WASHINGTON ST., four doors north of School St.
Apr. 10. tf

**HEWS' PATENT
AMERICAN ACTION PIANO FORTE.**

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.
GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston.
Apr. 10. tf

NEW JUVENILE SINGING BOOK.

THE PESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, containing a Complete Elementary Course, (in which a large number of Popular Airs and Tunes, arranged to be sung by note, are employed as progressive exercises,) a large collection of SCHOOL SONGS, together with a full variety of HYMNS and SACRED TUNES, for the devotional exercises of Schools. By GEO. W. PRATT, Teacher in the State Normal Schools, and J. C. JOHNSON, Author of Juvenile Oratorios, &c. This work is on an entirely new plan, and is believed to be a great improvement upon any Juvenile work heretofore published. A copy for examination will be sent by mail, postage paid, upon the receipt of twenty-five cents.

Published by A. N. JOHNSON, 36 School St., Boston.

* A. N. JOHNSON respectfully informs his friends that he has taken the new store No. 36 School Street, (a short distance from his former location in the Tremont Temple,) where he will keep a full assortment of Music, Singing Books, Piano Fortes, Reed Organs, Melodeons, &c. &c. Orders by mail promptly executed. 1 tf

Job & Fancy Printing.

T. R. MARVIN & E. L. BALCH,
No. 42 Congress Street,

HAVING EVERY FACILITY for executing work in their line with neatness and despatch, solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.

The junior partner having devoted several years exclusively to this branch of the profession, we feel warranted in assuring satisfaction to those who wish for SUPERIOR WORK.
Boston, May 1, 1852. 5 3m

J. BUTTERFIELD,

JOB PRINTER,

AT THE OFFICE OF
DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
21 School Street, Boston.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

For half a square, (8 lines,) or less, first insertion, . . . \$0.50
each additional inser. 25

For a square, (16 lines,) first insertion, 1.00
each additional insertion, 50

On advertisements standing three months or longer, a discount of twenty per cent. on the above rates is allowed.

(A column counts as seven squares.)

Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

